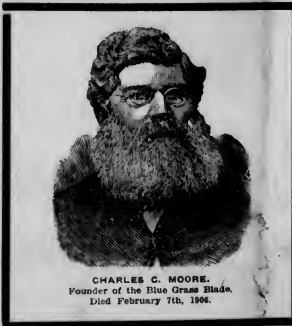


BLUE GRASS BLADE

VOLUME XIV. NUMBER 48

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1906

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE



CHARLES C. MOORE,
Founder of the Blue Grass Blade,
Died February 7th, 1906.

JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher
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EDITORIAL

Duck in plenty of time and let the waves pass over you.

The boat that was built to carry another man's cargo may capsize under yours.

Doctors of divinity seldom take the medicine they so freely prescribe for others.

The power to please is a tremendous asset, and it is just as valuable in your private affairs as in your business pursuits.

This issue brings out the old Blade in new clothing. It is not merely a spring feeling but a permanent affair. Get in the band-wagon and hit some lusty licks for freedom of thought.

Although we have assumed the editorial management of the Blade we do not expect to inject into its columns that peculiar personal charm which it contained under Mr. Moore. We shall strive to do the best we can to make it the best Freethought weekly in America and truly deserving the hearty and liberal support of all Freethinkers.

Do you favor absolute mental liberty? Are you willing to contribute to the cause that aims to strike every fetter from the brain of man. Then don't fail to renew your subscription to the Blade and get your neighbor to subscribe along with you. The Blade is the greatest Freethought missionary in America.

It is altogether unnecessary that a man should possess an iota of intellect to become a popular preacher, for in all orthodoxy there is no room for reason. To become a success in the pulpit it is only required that a man shall cultivate a sanctified whine calculated to curdle milk, grab the crank of some pitiful little gospel mill and begin to grind. How much better mankind would be if we could

succeed in trading off about three hundred of our modern preachers for a yellow dog and then lose the dog!

This is the age of DO. The age of going to DO has passed. To be successful a man must be useful. Never burden the morrow with the debts of to-day. Place the mark of your ambition high and then work to attain it. Don't be satisfied with anything. Be somebody. Hitch your chariot to a star. Stop crawling around like a lizard on a cold day. Do that which you are well fitted for and do it well. A little done right is better than much done wrong or only half done. Get on the live wire of Energy and the trolley pole of success will never slip. Above all, look after the little things of life, these need attention, the bigger things will force attention whether you are willing to give it or not. If you feel yourself drawn into the current of despair, strike out and you will be able to swim to shore a little further down the stream.

One of Lexington's blatant sky-pilots, who has been publicly accused of a "too reckless use of his pen" by a grand jury of this county, assumes that God Almighty needs his guardianship and takes issue, in public print, with Mrs. Henry's oration at the funeral of our late editor. Feeling that way he has the natural right to exercise such a prerogative, but in so doing he furnishes another evidence of the penitence weakness of his creed. He assumes that omnipotent God can be injured by the logic of one frail woman.

As a general rule the preachers avoid argument although the poet assures us that "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just." Instead of meeting logic with logic, argument with argument, the so-called leaders of the so-called armies of the Lord take refuge behind laws begotten in brutish ignorance and have sought to close the mouth of honest criticism through the medium of a policeman's club. This was how they fought Mr. Moore while living but his brave and fearless life has crippled them in their desire to slander him now that he is dead. When the Christian religion must needs depend upon such protection it must be woefully weak. Truth has nothing to fear from criticism. If the creeds are unable to withstand the light that shines from Reason's throne they had better sink away and die.

PERSONAL TO SUBSCRIBERS

We ask the indulgence of the Blade readers this week for the delay in publication and mailing. By reason of the death of our late beloved editor, Charles C. Moore, we have been subjected to innumerable inconveniences, and as the task of furnishing "copy" is an art that few men possess our new burdens are of light character.

This week the Blade will be mailed Wednesday and dated next Sunday—this makes us miss one issue to get caught up—but we shall aim to publish and mail it hereafter on Wednesday of each week so that subscribers at a distance may receive their paper for Sunday reading. With apology and explanation for the delay we promise promptness in delivery in the future.

TO HIS MEMORY.

As each day rolls by we are more firmly impressed with the knowledge that Editor Moore will be sadly and seriously missed from the Blade. No ingenuity on our part can possibly make up for the loss but we shall strive to make the Blade interesting, attractive and a power in the land as a Freethought missionary. There was never a period in the history of our cause in America when missionary effort was a greater necessity than now. The cause can boast no platform advocates as it was wont to do. But few Freethought journals exist and these must be vigorously pushed if they are to accomplish much in the way of liberal reform.

To many who were familiar with the character and charming personality of Mr. Moore, the following lines will be understood:

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as old yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
Where these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
And, yet, 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore,
And thankful, too, that they have lived,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare;
For they have gone where others are
Be it on sea or shore;
What'er betides, their love abides
And is with us evermore.

OPEN FOR ARGUMENT.

Does death end all?
Be there priest or layman who can give truthful answer to the question, an answer born of intelligent knowledge?

Naturally enough there were some of the clergy ready to find fault with the utterances made upon the bier of the late Charles C. Moore, because in them they discerned the privileges and prerogatives heretofore accorded them slipping from their hands. They may find fault and declare themselves in opposition to the argument advanced but they cannot destroy one solitary truth, remove one fact from the universe.

To find an answer to the question it is necessary to ask what life is? Death is but a corollary of life. It is the penalty that befall who have life. If life is the beginning of individual existence then why should death be regarded as awful but the end of individual existence? Let it be observed that life is not an entity. Life is not a thing. It has neither size, weight or color. It does not occupy space. It is incapable of extension. The human eye hath never discerned it and the surgeon's knife hath never found it. We see not the electric current but we can detect its presence by its manifestations. We know not the life itself but only perceive its manifestations.

Life is not a thing. It is simply a result. It might be asked, "a result of what?" Simply a result of certain combinations of matter and when the combination changes the life ceases and another change ensues which we call death. Then why should the life continue after death? What potent facts in the universe point to a continuation of the life after death? Is it not a universal truth that the potentialities of living things shall not be fully unfolded? For every germ that succeeds in struggling into life there are a thousand that are lost. Even the favored few that do succeed in struggling into life and being but a small proportion ever reach maturity.

If we take a gas, we can by raising it to incandescence produce combustion and create light. The light is simply a result of the incandescence. Shut off the gas and where does the light go? The combustion ceases, the incandescence disappears and the light is gone. Will any one argue that the light has gone running away into some other sphere and continues to exist as light? The chief attribute of a piece of window glass is transparency. Crush the glass and the transparency is destroyed. In neither case have we destroyed matter but we have changed an attribute of matter. Life being an attribute, a result of certain conditions, when the conditions change the same result can no longer obtain. Death takes the place of life and one as natural as the other.

Advocates of theology are prone to assert the existence of a something which they term soul and then insist upon the unbeliever to deny it and prove his denial. Simply a case of bad logic. The onus probandi falls upon the person taking the affirmative. What cannot be successfully proven, practically remains unproven. No negation is then necessary.

Assuming that the soul does exist, then one of three propositions becomes fundamental. These are: First—Either God created souls from all eternity, or Second—God creates souls for fresh bodies as they are wanted, or Third—God himself is the soul of mankind. Taking the first proposition, as being true we are then compelled to believe our soul existed before we were born. In such a case our soul could not have been affected by the sin of Adam and the entire Christian argument falls to the ground. If the second proposition be accepted then indeed does the Christian get in an infinitely worse position for he assumes that God is ever watching for an opportunity to create a soul which he knows will be damned before he creates it. Falling back upon the third proposition the Christian gains nothing for he must then argue that when God damns mankind he does but damn himself.

If there be a future life it is desirable only upon the condition of it being a pleasurable one. But if it can only be had at the risk of being utterly miserable, by escaping hell through a mere miracle, then we had much better be without it. If there is a life beyond the grave the Freethinker will share it with the Christian. Then will the knowledge of a human duty done and a human work achieved cover the mists of death with brighter glories than can be found in the Christian doctrine of rewards and punishments in the hereafter.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Every man's life is like unto a ship of which he is the captain. Storms, fogs, jagged rocks and headwinds menace all pretty much alike. Some of these ships sink early on the voyage, others stay close to and hug the shore, while a few sail out far and safe. The difference is to be found in the captains. He who keeps his ship trim and staunch, who knows the stars that guide and the weather signs, he who rightly sets his sails will not meet with disaster. It makes but little difference what his port may be, or whether his ship be large or small, it is the manner and method of management that counts.

We have heard men talk of luck, talent, genius,

chance, fate and even cleverness, as playing an important role in one's success or failure. Each and all may be more or less a factor but without skill and fidelity they cannot be depended on to carry one very far to sea. For every self-made man there are ten self-ruined ones, and this is an awful indictment against the race. In a large measure the fault lies with the captain of the ship. Deference to the judgment and example of others is very well to a certain degree only. We all know people who can touch the springs of our higher nature. Every door of our better self lies open to receive them. We seem to grow and expand in their presence. But he who does not dare to stand erect and alone and look the world fearlessly in the face, think his own thoughts and live his own creed, can never feel quite certain of anything or venture far on any voyage.

There is something sublime in the man who possesses the true spirit of independence and boldness and has full confidence in his own ability to dare and do. The world takes a man at his own valuation. It believes in the man who believes in himself. The positive man carries a positive atmosphere with him wherever he goes. He impresses others with his power and force to do things. His very presence inspires confidence and conviction. You know that a man confronts you and not a weakling. Such a man knows what he thinks and says it, he knows what he wants to do and does it. In other words he captains his own ship and that means paddling your own canoe.

MRS. HENRY'S PAMPHLET.

One of the crowning glories which the present century inherited from its predecessor was the recognition of woman, in some states, as the co-equal of man in matters political, but there is no subject entitled to such consideration as that of marriage and divorce, a subject where a woman stakes her all, nay, but her very life.

In Mrs. Henry's pamphlet on "Marriage and Divorce" the issues are thoroughly, clearly and concisely discussed. In 60 pages Mrs. Henry very ably goes the subject in all its phases. It should be read by every man and woman, liberal or orthodox.

They are for sale by Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, Versailles, Ky., at 25 cents each or six copies for \$1.00. If you buy six you can then do some missionary work by placing them where they will do the most good.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

When a modern preacher of average intelligence, real or assumed, undertakes the task of proving, or attempting to prove, the theory of the resurrection of Christ, he is skating on thin ice, or, in other words, treading upon dangerous ground.

Admittedly, the entire fabric of Christianity stands or falls upon the resurrection. This doctrine is one of the fundamentals of the Christian church. Disprove the resurrection and you destroy the entire Christian creed. Fail in its proof, or in furnishing a sufficient convincing proof, and the Christian system of theology is perceptibly weakened. Aside from the miracles he is alleged to have performed and the unnatural influences that are said to have brought Christ into the world, his very divinity, the scheme of the redemption, the efficiency of the atonement and the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, are all mutually dependent upon the resurrection. Destroy or weaken the theory that Christ rose from the dead and the material essence of the Christian religion is gone.

These facts are becoming more patent to the clergy every day. Sermons and treatises on the resurrection are daily growing more numerous and the leaders of the church realize the burden they are laboring under.

One week ago, Rev. I. J. Spencer, of the Central Christian Church, of Lexington, preached a sermon upon this subject, in which, as shown by published extracts therefrom, the truth of the arguments here advanced was candidly, though cautiously admitted. That the position herein taken is correct, the following quotation is taken from a Lexington newspaper report of that sermon. It follows: "The great Church of Christ to-day is founded upon the belief in the resurrection of Jesus. Let it be shown that He abides in the tomb and the church would crumble and perish."

Every word of that statement is true, save and except the adjectives employed. There is no halting place, no half-way ground. Either the resurrection is true or it is false. If it is true there should be no difficulty in furnishing abundant proof. If it is false no amount of theorizing, speculation or argument can help it.

It is upon the "proof" that Rev. Spencer gets in a dangerous place. He evidently fails to distinguish between "evidence" and "proof." The terms are not synonymous. They have not the same meaning or interpretation. Even in our criminal and civil jurisprudence what is offered as "evidence" frequently fails in establishing the "proof" and the case is not made out. Assertion is not even "evidence" much less can it be "proof."

Let it be understood that the Christian sects are by no means a unit upon the doctrine of the resurrection. Some contend for a regular, old fashioned

(Continued on fourth page.)

The One Preacher in all Cincinnati
Whose Drift is in the Right Direc-
tion. Foundation of a Church
Universal.

Recently, Mr. Bigelow engaged a number of the Mayors of prominent cities for Sunday night discussions of municipal ownership and other questions affecting the social welfare of the community. The first of these speakers are Mayor Dempsey of Cincinnati, Dunne of Chicago, Tom Johnson of Cleveland, and Brand Whitlock of Toledo. It was a remarkable meeting when Dempsey (Catholic) of Cincinnati introduced Dunne (Catholic) of Chicago, in Bigelow's presence. The latter was a Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Agnostic and others of all shades of political beliefs. The house was jammed full. This is the right thing, to bring people of all classes together that they may know and understand, respect and appreciate each other. It is a good hand for self interest and advancement, and this is what Bigelow is doing.

BREAKING THROUGH ICE

Culturist Now for Sale on News Stands—Dr. Wilson Asks Why Other Freethought Papers Cannot Do Likewise?

The American News Company has

JUDGE PARISH B. LADD ILL.

The news has just reached me of the illness of Judge Parish B. Ladd, Alameda, California.

The news has just reached me of the illness of Judge Parish B. Ladd, Alameda, California.

knowledge, arising with demonstrations of its truth, and when America's Universities and colleges become frank and fearless in their search for truth, this great work of Judge Ladd will be placed in their curriculum alongside of the Bible, Butler's Analogy, Whately's Moral Philosophy and like works on which our schools and higher learning have fed the youthful mind, and its truth and worth will

There is not in the United States today a nobler, braver man or more learned scholar than Judge Ladd, and the news of his serious illness will

Heresy breaks out among clergy in England. Doctrine of bodily resurrection attacked.. Further proofs that Socrates was right.

"Christ rose in spirit. It was His spirit that appeared to the disciples so constantly after the crucifixion. It was a spirit that ascended into heaven, the glorious spirit that appears and has appeared during long centuries to thousands of wearied Christian souls here on earth."

the readers of the Blade extend their heartfelt sympathy to Judge and Mrs. Ladd in this hour of affliction, and we cherish the hope that health and happiness may yet bless their home and that they may both live many years to minister to a world of suffering.

more affliction it seems ~~would~~ be too much, so let all cherish the hope that Judge Parish B. Ladd the sage and philosopher, this great literary light of the Pacific coast may be restored to health, and again grasp his powerful pen for the cause of Truth.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.
Versailles, Kentucky.

Words of Regret.

Mr. Moore had many friends and admirers, and I was one of them. He called himself a heathen, but he was more civilized than one-half of the Christians.

The Christiana motto is: "Believe or be damned." No matter how good, honest and moral a man may be, if he does not believe, (without evidence) he is doomed for hell. On the other hand, no matter how bad, corrupt and infamous he may be, if he believed, he is all right. He will have a reserved seat in heaven, and a golden harp to pluck.

I am like Charles C. Moore was; I have no use for such Christianity. If there is an Allwise and Loving God, He will never damn a man for not believing in a thing of which he has no evidence, and which seems to him as nonsense.

If God creates one man with brains to think for himself, and another without brains to believe what he is told by the priests, that is no reason why God should send the brainy man to hell, and the brainless man to heaven. Very sorrowfully, and respectfully

<p>ours.—HENRY KAISER.</p> <p>P. S.—Please send me a few extra copies of the Blade, of the issue of the 5th inst.—H. K.</p>	<p>I extend herewith pathy to the family</p> <p>T. LOOMIS.</p>
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Must Have the Blade.

Shepherdsville, Ky., Feb. 20, 1906.

Mr. Hughes:
Dear Sir:—Having left Nashville, Tenn., to which point my "Blade" is now coming, I write to say you may

my subscription, which is now running, expires as upon leaving Nashville, I gave my paper to a friend at that place. If, however he don't renew the subscription when it expires

Other church leaders spoke in the same strain. There is joy among Spiritualists. E. W. Wallis, Secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance, said, so far as he could speak for others, their belief was that the resurrection was simply a rising out of the physical body.

Comment—Why is it that theologians are continually in a muddle about a god and gospel so evident and plain that a way-faring man, though he be a fool can understand them? The reason is this: they have absolutely no proof of the mere assertions they impudently make.

First—They can't prove that such a being as Christ existed. The claim is mere assertion.

ed, or even that he had a spirit. The claim is mere assertion—mere tradition, of no greater value than the coming of the life and ascension of the many other gods. *Elisha et al.*

Is it any wonder that the clergy are everlasting-ly ker-flum-mixing around the bewildering maze of their stupid miscomprehensions? W.

adding the paper to
I think the sub-
some time in April
I want to get the
your herewith P. O.
new subscription,
to me as per ad
—WOOD MERI-

lar for a year's subscription. I ad-
dressed the letter just as directed in
blonde, but have heard nothing from it,
and received no "Culturist," and sup-
pose my letter was lost. With much
sympathy for Mrs. Moore and family
and kind wishes for all, I am—MRS.
J. B. HARMON.

My Dear Sir:—The Blade reached me this morning, conveying the sad

brother—Elder Moore's death, it was a great surprise to me, because from some of the reports I had heard, I had come to the opinion that he was on the road to rapid recovery, and I had the greatest hope that it was true. It was a relief to have to do without him. One year ago, on the first time, death entered my own family and called to her long rest, my mother and mother-in-law, through this affliction. I have now readily realize what a friend and Brother Mr. Moore was. I too most keenly feel their loss and truly and deeply regret that I cannot have recuperation. If I could believe that

beaming star, entertain such hope, yes and even

those who do believe in a Supreme Being! they hope in vain. Hope all friends of Blade will rally to its support. 1 enclose P. O. Order for \$1.15, one dollar to continue my subscription to the Blade another year; 15 cents for few copies of next issue of Blade containing addresses delivered at funeral of our lamented friend, Brother Moore.—ROBT. S. CASEY.

Routt, Ky., Feb. 26, 1906.

I received your notice about the Blade and enclose \$1.00 for same. I also want Dr. Wilson's book, "A Trip to Rome," for which I enclose another \$1.00, for book, and 15 cents in stamps for postage. Was sorry indeed to hear of the sad death of Mr. Moore, but glad to hear his work will be continued in the Blade. I have often thought it a pity there were not more Mr. Moores. But glad there are Dr. Wilson, Mrs. Henry, yourself and others to continue the good work. —JAMES T. REID.

he is a wonder alone in his style on. I never miss Almost every sen- articles in a max- itself. Encourage

CHEAP RATES VIA QUEEN AND CRESCENT ROUTE.

From Lexington, March 6th and 20th to many points in Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee.

my greatest sympathy to Mr. Moore.—W.

Friend.

Feb. 16, 1906.

Tickets good 21 days with stopover privilege at seventy-five per cent. of the one way rate for the round-trip.

Ask agents for particulars, or H. C. King, C. P. & T. A. 111 E. Main Street, Lexington, Kentucky, or W. G. Morgan, D. T. A. Q. & C. Depot, Lexington, Kentucky.

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of animal will receive

will soon sweep all forever away in a march. The first "patent" sent me was immediately wrote a

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Send for sample copy **FREE**. Address,

MAN TO BECOME THE CREATOR

Prof. Oswald Makes the Startling Announcement That Within a Comparative Short Period of Time Scientists Will Be Creating Life As Advanced as That of the Horse.

By Prof. Wilhelm Oswald, of the University of Leipzig, Germany.

New York, February 16, 1906.

Can man create life—that is, a moving, living, embodiment of energy—artificially? Can, in other words, organic beings be created by inorganic processes? My answer is, Yes.

Recently to my surprise, my recent lecture on this subject, delivered at Harvard, and Columbia Universities, have started the ball of controversy rolling at very pronounced speed. I say to my surprise, because it is an accepted fact among scientists that the phenomena of creation is possible of performance by what may be termed artificial agencies. This stupendous achievement, recently credited to Prof. Loeb in the United States and more recently to Prof. Emil Fischer in Germany, has evidently not impressed itself upon the general public, despite its profound importance. While I will not go so far as prophesying just how soon the quasi-miracle will come to pass, there is now hardly any question but that in the course of a few generations at the outside—possibly within comparatively few years, possibly within a century, but sooner or later certainly—science will be creating a form of life as advanced as that of our domestic animals.

Creation at Will.

So far as my own researches and convictions go there is practically no limit to what may be accomplished in this direction. Had it been declared 50 years ago that messages would be sent for hundreds of miles by a wireless process no one would have taken the prediction seriously. No one would have believed 10 years ago that within a decade a vehicle of locomotion would be built by which a human being could travel at the rate of two miles a minute and be able to tell the tale. But it is hardly less credible that we or our great or greater grandchildren will hear of science performing the functions of so-called creator.

One may go further and say that not only will actual creation by chemical or scientific processes be performed, but that man will undoubtedly be able to determine or change the form of creation at will.

For example, it has already been demonstrated that the presence or absence of light plays an important—almost a vital—part in the development of man as well as the lower animals, and especially of plant life. No form of energy, we may say, is possible of prolonged existence a mile away from the sun. Again, it has been demonstrated that frogs' eggs do not develop and soon die when inclosed in a dark box, while normal development occurs in an open box exposed to the sun. Prof. Decker recently discovered in determining the solar influence in the development of the eggs and larvae of flies, that those placed under plain bell jars were not developed after four days than those under violet and blue jars, and least under green ones. There is also the celebrated investigation of General Pissassin, who put three pigs into a stall with violet windows and three into a stall with ordinary windows. While the latter gained 39 pounds in four months the others gained only 36 pounds. From this observation General Pissassin concludes that violet light is unfavorable to the growth of these animals. His book, however, is blue-typed and gives an explanation of all natural phenomena from love to the activity of a volcano.

Slow But Sure.

It is well known that animals, when light falls on them, move toward the source of light, like the moth, or move away from it, like the earthworm. It is also well known that certain plants have a tendency to turn toward or away from the sun when illuminated from one side only, and that a constant intensity light, acts as a continuous source of stimulation. So, by the proper manipulation of light, it will unquestionably be possible in the course of time to govern the shape or organs of animals, just as the shape of plants is governed by their attitude toward the sun.

Naturally the process of artificial animal creation will be slow. The important thing is that it will be sure. One form of life will be produced after another. Prof. Loeb has already created sea urchins by chemical agencies, and Prof. Fischer has created an even higher type in his remarkable experiments. Drawings made by the former convey some idea of the man-

ner in which the eggs of sea urchins were artificially grown. All of these animals hatched out perfectly normal skeletons and skeletons before dying. They lived a few more than two days.

But many persons are asking: Why create life here when the earth is teeming with life of natural creation?

This query is natural, though, perhaps, revealing immature thought. In the first place, we ourselves are the product of evolution and selection. Man has come, but he has raised himself to his present state. His faculties are practically boundless; so boundless is scientific opinion that he will evolve in his turn. He will usurp the functions of the Creator—the primary creative principle. He should even be able to recreate his own kind, a prophesy which is contained in the scriptural passage referring to man being like God.

Future Possibilities.

Is there any reasonableness? No, although the stage of human scientific intelligence is, of course, very, very far away. Yet, having already created a problem, such as the water hydrate of sea urchin semblance—formed by the very instinct with positive life—this firm foundation for the prophesy has been laid. And the higher creation can only result in the creation of something equal to our higher animals.

What, then, again asked, will be the gain? If it were possible to create and endow our secondary animals with physical and mental functions more nearly corresponding to those which we ourselves possess, will not the result be of immeasurable gain?

Today the most valuable servant or employee is the one who has been long and carefully trained in special fields of labor. Why not, then, create forms of animal life capable of doing many of the things which only human beings can do today?

By specializing it may be possible, for instance, to create a type of animal capable of doing the heavy work of the way—creatures of vast physical strength coupled with a higher form of intelligence than has been evolved as yet in any animal excepting man. This, of course, is delving very far into future possibilities, but it indicates one of the immeasurable advantages which science is working toward in solving the problem of creation.

There is no question but that men are poorly constructed physically for doing many things which they now do perform. By creating a form of animal with certain physical attributes, combined with the necessary intelligence, the necessary labor, the advantage would certainly be pronounced.

Generations of Experiment.

On the same principle it would be advantageous to create a form of intelligent being, better qualified to live and toil underground, and so on and so on down the scale.

It seems to me that the scientist, or rather the scientist who contributes to this result, will gradually be able to determine the physical form of the respective creations, once the development is fairly commenced. Step by step the regeneration will progress until man shall have created an entirely new or advanced order of life for each creation will naturally fulfill in its own form indefinitely, just as our modern animals do from man downward.

Naturally it will require generations of analysis, experiment and experiment to artificially evolve any form of life that shall measure up to such a standard as the one indicated. But progress leads to progress, success begets success, and from the present position, however humble, I shall say there is any limit to what science can accomplish? Hand in hand with the progress made in discovering and perfecting the creative principle, we may expect to master the riddle of death, to termed. Prof. Loeb and others have shown, along with their creative experiments, that the fertilization of the egg serves to prolong the life of the egg. Unless artificially fertilized the egg dies in a comparatively short time, by reason of which the egg becomes important in studying the question of natural death and the protraction of life. As yet, however, it has by no means been decided that there is any natural death.

Seek the Ellixir of Life.

We know that with advanced age a critical period is reached when every living organism dies under the influence of conditions which do not affect a younger organism. That death, or natural dissolution, is due to internal and not to external causes has been determined recently in a most extraordinary manner. Eggs of the starfish were used. Some of them were placed in eight flasks with sterilized sea water, while others were placed in flasks containing ordinary sea water contaminated with bacteria. Six hours after the experiment began the flasks were opened and the eggs examined microscopically. As many of the eggs were found to be in the sterilized flasks as in the contaminated. Twelve hours later the result was the same, proving indis-

putably that death was due to internal causes, the mature eggs having died before the bacteria could attack them in sufficient numbers to threaten their existence. At the same time the important discovery was made that each of the flasks contained a small number of living eggs which, without exception, were young ones.

My opinion, based upon careful research and study, is that something is implanted in every form of life which in the course of time becomes enervated and poisonous, causing death. Science is now on the eve of discovering what this mysterious principle is, and when this discovery is made, the next step will be to ascertain a remedy or at least a counteractive. It would be hazardous to say whether this mysterious principle is material or otherwise, but as age comes on, it is believed to sap and poison the vitality until dissolution sets in. The discovery of a counteractive in this connection will be the discovery of the only elixir possible, perhaps for prolonging existence indefinitely.

Boundless Horizon of Possibilities.

Science has no doubt that the causes of natural death will be ascertained, together with a means of so restoring the vital principle that not only the physical being but the spiritual may be revitalized successfully.

Not being a biologist myself, but only a chemist with occasion to delve into biology in my chemical researches, I cannot say just now how soon or successfully many of these promises will be fulfilled. But never in human history has science been so daring and confident as to-day. It is still on the lower slopes, but is far enough up to realize a boundless horizon of possibilities.

I cannot say whether its initial creations will be crustacean, amphibian, mammalian or whether biped, quadruped, fish, owl or reptile. I can only say that after a very careful study and analysis of what has been accomplished I am overwhelmed by the inevitable probabilities.

As a chemist it is absolute belief that by inorganic processes organic life of a higher order can be produced than the future generations will be furnished with a living object lesson in the doctrine of evolution.

Science is still juvenile, but the torch it bears is already bright enough to reveal an astonishing story of things accomplished and promised. Some of the most important branches of chemistry only date back a brief generation, and yet what wonders have been unfolded! Bessemer, Edison, Roentgen, the Curies, Loeb, Decker, Pasteur, Darwin, Huxley and others, especially in Germany, who are only less better known to the general public, are the great sorcerers of our time—the stepping stones for those who are to come. What they have done others will perfect and eclipse. We cannot as yet fully explain the mystery of life, but, after all, a human being is nothing but a form of chemistry—and, as Hamlet ventured, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the Horatian philosophy.

A VISION.

I was talking with God, and he said to me:

"Do you see my son Jesus there?"

You must glorify him or you never can be.

Happy and good, nor ever can see The City of Zion, so fair."

Then I said to God, said I to him, "What ever possessed you to shrink The care of your son?—and, in temper so grim,

To desert your wife for a foolish whim Or from disinclination to work?"

The God said to me, very calmly he said,

"When I was begotten my son, Before I was born, I was really dead, Hence my wife was a widow and free to wed

With the pliable Jew, whom she won."

I said unto God, "If your son be Don't both of you owe and the same, I fall to perceive how it can be true That two distinct beings appear to my view,

Each having a different name."

God answered my query in accents kind,

"Saint Paul has explained to a dot, In first Corinthians where you may find

How I and my son and my ghost are combined For we are those 'things which are not.'"

MRS. MARTHA C. COOMER, Wichita, Kansas.

SUNDAY REFLECTIONS.

"But have we not institutions in our day, the members of which put on solemn faces and look as grave and wise as owls, while they secretly laugh at the gammon they perform?"

COLONEL WINCHESTER, in Sunday Telegraph, July 8, 1905.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

In the old days the freeholder and property owner paid his taxes cheerfully and without complaint. He never made false returns to the assessors, but government was different then. In the old days a youth arriving at his majority cast his first vote with feelings of pride and was glad that he had grown to be a full fledged citizen of the republic. Now he frequently refuses to vote at all because he is disgusted with the political system that now prevail and ashamed of the gross mismanagements, the fraud and corruption that exists in high places.

Readers of Poor Richard's Almanac will remember the famous words of Benjamin Franklin on the subject of taxation. They bespeak the confidence that they existed in government, but could Franklin be living in these days of political degeneration he would have written an entirely different story. For the benefit of our readers we reproduce the following extract from Franklin's writings. They were published in 1768.

"I stop my horse lately where a great Number of people were collected at a Vendue of Merchant Goods. The hour of Sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the Times, and one of the Company call'd to a plain, clean old man with white Locks, Pray Father Abraham, what think you of the Times? Won't these heavy Taxes quite ruin the Country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to? Father Abraham stood up and reply'd, If you'd have my Advice, I'll give it to you in short, for a Word to the Wise is enough, and many Words won't fill a Bushel, as Poor Richard says. They join'd in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends, say he, and Neighbors, the Taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have so many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our Idleness, three times as much by our Pride, and four times as much by our Folly, and from these Taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us lighten our good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that helps themselves."

It would be thought a hard Government that should try its People one-tenth part of their Time, to be employed in its Service. But Idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute Sloth, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments of Amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on Diseases, absolutely shortens Life. Sloth, in Rust, consumes faster than Labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love Life, then do not squander time; for that's the Stuff Life is made of.

Remember you have a place in the world and that it is your duty to find it.

Be original. Humanity despises an imitator. Self Industry is the key to success.

Let thoroughness characterize everything you do for you can win in no other way.

One experience is worth more than a dozen theories. Take time to think, to plan, to act.

The man who is kept busy building has no time to knock.

It is easier to cut through a soft skin than a hard shell. Lubricate your friends mind with the oil of sociability.

Bure, Colneil through this broad land We see the cross surroundings steeples high, Pointing the way to that shadow-land, Where souls immortal are supposed to fly.

Thanks for your tribute to Voltaire the great, Who saw through the priesthood's easy graft, Saw them work easy imbeciles early and late And rake their pockets free and aft.

"Remember boy," said my early teacher, "In every minute there is born a foot Don't thank your money on any porch."

His graft is easy, don't be his prey, With solemn faces, looking grave and wise, They pull the wool over imbeciles eyes.

When the sermon is over and on the side, Their faces with laughter broaden wide.

—THE CHAPLAIN.

We are in receipt of a booklet entitled Marriage and Divorce by Joseph H. Henry, Versailles, Ky., price 35 cents. Mrs. Henry is a writer of considerable force and original ideas and so far as we have been able to judge from a casual glance, handled this burning question with the skill of a master. It will pay anyone interested and everybody ought to be interested—to get this booklet and read the opinions of an advanced thinker.—Blue Devil, Louisville, Ky.

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5. The abolition of all laws, without exception, which are in violation of the Constitution.
6. The freedom of speech and press.

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Editorial

(Continued from first page.)

resurrection in the body, while others, avow belief in some mystified, so-called spiritual resurrection. No amount of persuasion can bring these sectarian votaries to a common ground of belief. Nor is this all for we are informed that even many of the disciples doubted the resurrection although the miracle was performed in their presence, and one of them, the "Doubting Thomas" demanded more ocular and physical proof. If the very disciples of the "Risen Lord" could not believe in the resurrection, is it any wonder that disbelief is so prevalent in this day and age, when two thousand years have elapsed since it was said to occur? Why the gospels themselves, are not agreed upon the subject. Aside from the fatal discrepancies in the narrative they give, not one of the synoptics, i. e. Matthew, Mark and Luke, so much as intimate that Christ rose in the flesh. Not until the fourth gospel appeared, that of John, did the bodily resurrection obtain credence and this appearance post-dates the birth of Christ by some 300 years.

There is no doubt in the mind of any intelligent person that the gospel of John, was written to meet an emergency. Prior to its appearance, the followers of the Christian cult were unable to convince the thinking people upon the resurrection. The gospels then extant utterly failed to prove anything more than a flash-light, phantasmagorical resurrection and this fact was pointed at by the Gnostics in argument upon the subject. So glaring was this defect in the "Chain of Christian evidences," that the fourth gospel, that of John, was invented to supply the missing link. Christ was now made to eat fish and drink wine after the resurrection. Thomas was made to thrust his hand in the side of the "Risen Lord" and he was convinced. Strange to say this convinced the Gnostics also. Unmindful of the forgery they accepted the newly discovered "evidence" and this was the list of the Gnostics. At this point they disappear from history and it is presumed that they crossed the bridge and passed over into the Christian church.

Christ's entrance into the world being a miracle it was necessary to invent another miracle to take him out of it. Miracles being in violation of natural law and natural law being inflexible and unchangeable, the whole Christ story partakes of the mythical literature and is incredible, totally unworthy of belief.

THEN AND NOW.

Who, having been through the lines of Lord Byron's famous epic, "Cain, a Mystery," has failed of impression, or even inspiration, with the haughty grandeur contained in the challenge thrown down by the so-called first born of earth, toward that ferocious deity which declined to refuse acceptance of his sacrificial offering because it contained not some animal capable of suffering under the knife and the flame?

In that challenge Cain declines to give homage or pay tribute to one who could be "well pleased with the smell of burning flesh," and who could find cause for self-conceit and flattery in "the pain of a bleeding mother, yearning for her offspring."

Admiration for the one must necessarily produce a profound contempt for the other, and if the teachings of theology be true, namely, that God is without change, then the characteristics of the deity in that day and age must be the characteristics of the deity in this day and age. No wonder the priesthood cultivates a men of solemnity sufficient to make one think of Cain as a coffin factory: The iron hand of an inhuman and pessimistic orthodoxy has crushed all the joy and sweetness out of life, converted the erstwhile sunshine of the human heart into a clammy fog by speculators born in the chaotic brain of pious fools, and transformed the fragrant flowers along the pathway of life into cruel thorns. Such a deity is not deserving of human worship. If this theology be true, then indeed, does its God revolve in a coil of doom, and sighs and is pleased with peans of groans. He must, therefore, look with displeasure upon every bright oasis that life's worn voyager finds between the cradle and the grave.

Once let a man become imbued with a firm or fancied belief in such a doctrine and he ceases to be a rational human being. He looks and acts as if his religion was hurting him and actually seems to feel sorry that he thinks he is going to be saved. From that moment he turns his face to the past and would fain retrace every step taken in the path of human progress. Across the bright sunlight of noon, he would cast the shadows of the night. But most men are better than the God which they profess to worship. In their human feelings they look with sorrow upon pain and have organized Human Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, refusing to recognize a divine principle in such sacrifices.

The long night of intellectual slavery has not altogether passed, but on the higher hills already flame the harbingers of Reason's glorious morn. Impossible of universal belief the various religious sects are but rival commercial establishments, each peddling its own peculiar brand of saving grace, warranting it the only genuine, and deals out damnation upon all dissenters. The twentieth century marks the culmination of an era of human triumphs, a brilliant coronation of victories over the colors of ignorance and prejudice and we are fronting the dawn of a grander day when the hand shall be ungloved, the brain unfettered, with broader opportunities for human usefulness.

AS TO RESOLVE.

Are you a man or a woman of good resolve? Then draw a mental sight draft. Remember that such an instrument is drawn upon your working ability. It is made payable at the Bank of Time. It reaches maturity some day. If execution does

not follow your resolution you will know that you have drawn against insufficient funds. Time has simply refused an overdraft. It has declined to honor a large check of good intentions against a small balance of real accomplishment. The resolve to act, the energy to force it to culmination, must be deposited to support it. Indorse the draft with the stamp of will and determination, certify it with the mark of action and accomplishment. Then the Bank of Time will cash it without protest.

FABLED WISDOM.

One day a father was taking his son for a walk through the woods. Observing a tree that had grown crooked and bent he pointed to it and asked the boy if he could tell why it was the tree had grown in that particular shape.

"I am unable to answer intelligently," replied the boy, "but I suppose somebody trod on it while it was young."

So it is the mind of children. Be careful not to tread on them and warp them while they are young. Earliest impressions made upon the mind are the clearest, strongest, most influential and remain the longest. In the course of time the mind becomes blurred with constant impressions, but those received in childhood remain intact. Dealing with this subject Arthur Schopenhauer uses a piece of blotting paper as an illustration. The first serious impression made stands out bold and clear. The second and the third may be distinctly traced in outline. After a time numerous impressions are made and the whole becomes a blurred and confused mass with none distinguishable from the others. The beauty of thought is to trace out and retain impressions clearly, but the first essential is to secure the best impressions.

Parents are often troubled in securing methods whereby the best results can be obtained. They know that the mind of a child is like a plain sheet of paper, that you may write thereupon whatsoever you please, and it will remain for life, provided, you take sufficient care that your writings are not erased before they are dry. Proper safeguards should be placed about the child. Good and useful companions only should be allowed. Many a boy is spoiled for life by evil associations in infancy. Others acquire bad habits from bad books. Books, like companions, should be selected with great care and thought. Everything that will have a tendency to produce an impression on the mind of a child should be of the very best. As a rule boys will select some ideal character from among their playmates and strive to imitate him. Even to manners, speech, habits and the like, this imitation comes strongly marked. Sometimes the ideal is good. Sometimes it is bad. The heart and nature of a boy is inclined towards the good and with care parents may develop what is best within them and make them a credit and an ornament to society.

It may not be within the power of every boy to become a great man, as the world understands greatness to-day. But all boys can become good men, and goodness is infinitely par excellence. The boy lays the foundations for the character of the man, in fact the boy is the beginning of the man. The greatness of a country or a nation is not to be measured according to its wealth or scholastic attainments. It is determined from the character of its men. We cannot successfully measure the value of an epoch by its machinery, but by its men. To produce good men we must begin with the boy. Neglect the boy and the man is handicapped in the struggle for existence.

MISFORTUNES COMES NOT SINGLY.

Thrice blessed is he, who, when the clouds are thickest and the storm threatens most, extends a helping hand by offering light, warmth and encouragement to the laborer in humanity's cause.

When we undertook the editorial management of the Blade it was with the expectation and knowledge that we could never fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Moore, and knowing that some of the subscribers took the Blade because of him, we felt it was not without misgivings that some of these would stop their subscriptions as soon as his death was announced. We were not wrong in our judgment, but to receive communications such as the one printed below is not calculated to give much encouragement, much hope, for future work.

Of course, if a subscriber does not wish the paper it is but right that he should so inform us that we may not keep paying mail charges and printing papers that are not wanted. Yet, to stop the paper because a subscription has expired and the hand of death has removed a worker from its staff, manifests but little interest in humanity's cause. In giving our readers the following communication it is but submitted as an illustration of some of the discouraging notices now being received. Names, dates and places are omitted in order to conceal identity. After reading this letter won't you write us one containing more cheerful news? The letter reads as follows:

"Mr. James E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.:—
"Dear Sir—My subscription to the Blade expires on March 4th, 1906. I have never cared for the Blade, except on account of what my old friend Charley Moore wrote for it; and now that he is gone, I shall ask you to please discontinue sending the paper to me on the expiration of the time paid for."

"Yours faithfully,"

GOOD WISHES EXTENDED.

The People's Press, published at Chicago, in its issue of February 24, gives editorial notice of the death of Editor C. C. Moore and closes with the following kindly expression of good will:—

"He was an honest man, a good neighbor, kind husband and father and a credit to the cause he so well and ably represented. He has gone, but his work remains, a monument to his memory. Let us

hope the Blue Grass Blade and the cause he loved so well will live and prosper."

There is more solid human happiness in that hope, than in much we have received since Mr. Moore's death was announced. Mr. Moore did "love so well" the cause of Free thought, that he gave the best years of his life to its service and those who loved him and who now love his memory could pay no greater tribute to his worth, than by sustaining the paper, which he founded with his own hands and kept up by the efforts of his own brain.

Sad, indeed, Mr. Moore is dead, but the cause in which he labored did not die with him. Human freedom and human happiness have yet to be worked for and with the help of all Free thinkers, we shall continue his work in the hope that we may be successful even as he was.

PULPIT TURNS TO GRAFT.

The daily press recently published a dispatch from Chicago, which asserts that an eminent teacher in a Windy City Divinity School charges the average preacher with indulging in all kinds of graft to the neglect of his spiritual duty. The item reads as follows:

Chicago, February 15.—Graft has taken possession of the Christian ministry, according to Dr. Charles E. Hewitt, of the University of Chicago Divinity School, who declares ministers neglect religious duties and use their positions for financial gain by questionable methods.

"Dr. Hewitt ascribed graft among religious leaders as a cause for deficiency in the ministry."

"Charges of illegitimate connection with insurance companies and other business enterprises were made against the preachers by the speaker." Agency schemes in which members of the church congregations are often times used as victims are indulged in by many ministers as a side line to their pulpit work," he told the students.

Starting as the charge may be it contains no new truth. The commercial spirit that has seized upon the churches and pulpits has become too potent to remain unnoticed. The average preacher may profess to worship at the shrine of "a Risen Lord," but he is ever to be found upon his knees before the shrine of Mammon. The "Almighty Dollar" exercises a far greater influence upon his mind than "Almighty God," and he is ever ready to receive a call to preach in some other vineyard at a larger salary. If the call fails to arrive he then resorts to other agencies whereby his stipend may be augmented. A call to preach must be accompanied by a cash offering, otherwise it goes for no consideration.

The charges made by Dr. Hewitt are worthy of the thoughtful consideration of all men and women because of his right to speak upon such matters through long experience with the gentlemen of the cloth. We cheerfully admit that all preachers are not tainted with this besetting vice. There are noble exceptions, and is it not said "exceptions prove the rule."

THEY WHO SOW THE WIND MUST REAP THE WHIRLWIND.

The student of social and political economy is closely observing the trend of events in autocratic Russia. "After us the deluge" cried the myopic brood of Court parasites and aristocrats that hovered about the Grande Monarque at the Courts of France. They dreamed all was well with them until the Tartar fire—steadily entered from beneath and constantly hammered from above—gave way with a crash like the crack of doom, and Sunny France, as if by some infernal magic, was transformed into a high flaming vortex of Chaos. Forms and formulas were ignored and the "mene, mene tekel upharsin" of royalty was written upon every wall.

Like another prophecy of Death, gendered by pride in the womb of Sin, revolution is bursting forth in the theocratic Russia with new horrors to appal the world. This deluge, like others before it, will await no man's convenience. But from out the fiery furnace of this revolt against political and religious tyranny, liberty, sweet liberty, shall rise in the majesty of a new triumph and the people will take the scepter of authority in their own hands.

In an editorial comment upon the situation in Russia the Cincinnati Post recently gave vent to a remarkable utterance. It asked the very pointed questions.

What is brewing in the caldron of Russia mutiny, massacre and insurrection? What does it all mean? What will be the result to Russia and to the world?

In the first place, it is probable that events in Russia will do more to change the course of history than anything that has happened since the French Revolution of 1789. He who has the slightest knowledge of the period, which began at the fall of the Bastille and ended at Waterloo, can feel in respect to it nothing but huge amazement and wonder. The French Revolution was a social earthquake, a political tornado, which tore men, ideas and institutions loose from all ancient moorings, and, in reshaping them, produced the modern world.

Fix this in your mind, and then ask another question about Russia. Ask this question:

Are not the present events in Russia but a prelude to other events as terrific and significant, which will in the next quarter of a century again change the aspect of human affairs?

The question is not wild or foolish. It is a wise and penetrating question, deserving careful and serious answer.

Remember, in the first place, that the American Revolution was a phase of the French Revolution, and that the ideas in our Declaration of Independence are ideas which Jefferson got in the works of Rousseau, Mirabeau and other French philoso-

phers of the eighteenth century, who paved the way for their revolution and our own.

Rousseau was the father of modern Democracy. This Nation was its first child. America was born sooner and with less travail than the French Republic because France for centuries had been the bulwark of European despotism.

To-day look at a map of the world. America, France and Switzerland are Republics; England and Italy, of the other great Powers, are practically free, though under monarchical forms, while Germany, Austria and Russia have up to this time made less progress toward Democracy.

The revolutionary movement in Russia has been going on for nearly a year, and as conservative an authority as the London Spectator predicts that it may last five years longer, and it further suggests that some young Russian Lieutenant of Artillery may to-day be studying the career of Napoleon Bonaparte and be qualified to act at the end of that time.

Whatever course it may pursue, however often it may apparently be suppressed, there is no reason to suppose that the Russian revolution will stop or go backward. Instead, it will continue and it will grow, and its importance to Russia and to the world cannot be exaggerated.

A point to be remembered by every student of current events—and we are all in our way, students of current events—is that the ideals of the period of the French Revolution were purely democratic ideals, an ideal to-day largely attained by the Western nations.

In one hundred and twenty-five years, however, human ideals have changed. The Russian peasants and workmen, whose frozen corpses are stacked against the snow-drifted barricades in Moscow, were fighting for an ideal. When masses of men fight without organization and without officers, as they do in revolutions, they are always fighting for an ideal. What is this ideal? What power has it to sweep the world?

The French revolutionists talked of constitutions and the rights of man. The Russian revolutionists are talking of these things, too, but they go further; they are talking of division of land, of equalizing the distribution of wealth, of other crude and half-formed ideas of economic change—in a word, Socialism.

Toistol says that Russia is in better position than any country in the world to attempt common ownership of land. Other philosophers advance other theories as startling. And the peasants and workmen take them up, make them into battle cries and for them die upon the barricades. It is a portent that these shouts are heard and that for them these men die upon the barricades.

Should Russia, in course of time and after a glut of horrors, become a Socialist or semi-Socialist State, the revolutionary wave would spread, for good or ill, to other nations.

Already we read of Austrians and Hungarians insisting upon universal suffrage and a legation of no less than 200,000 workmen filling the Vienna Congress to impress Parliament with their earnestness in making the demand.

In Germany the Socialists, inspired by events in Russia, have begun an agitation for the reform of the election laws which will give them the representation in the Reichstag, possibly a majority of that body, to which they are entitled. They have distributed 300,000 copies of a revolutionary manifesto, and they plan to hold 250 public demonstrations. The Kaiser's advisers are urging him to employ troops to suppress this menacing agitation.

So the revolution is spreading. It may reach England, where one-fifth of the population live in desperate poverty. It may reach America, and help us to peacefully sweep away the whole ignoble army of grafters, and restore to the people their just share in government and well-being, which the fathers of the Nation designed for them.

Perhaps, now that you have patiently read this long editorial, you will appreciate better the tremendous importance of the news from Russia; its importance, not only to Russia, but to all nations, to all peoples and to yourself.

Speaking of pamphlets for effective missionary work, we desire to direct the attention of our readers to "The Sacrament" and "The Virgin Mary" written by Mr. Grier Kidder. The last named was the article which, for publication in the Blade, caused Mr. Moore and myself to be indicted by the federal grand jury at Louisville, Ky., the prosecution of which terminated in utter discomfiture for the enemies of Free thought. These may be had at 10 cents a copy or 12 copies for \$1.00.

The cause of woman can never hope to derive much support from the pulpit. Only a few weeks ago a Louisville preacher gave the Edenic serpent story in Genesis as being literally true and reasserted that silly fable as an authority that woman was responsible for the sin of the world. Serious doubts should exist concerning the mental pabulum of the preacher aforesaid for an enlightened intelligence has dropped that plank from the orthodox platform long ago.

Whatever may have been the fortune or misfortune of Eve, it is morally certain that Adam was no greater loser by being thrown "out of the garden of Eden." A man who possesses the love of a good woman carries paradise with him wherever he goes. The thinking world now knows that a woman's love can transform a hovel into a heaven and fill it with supernal sunshine, that her scorn can make perdition of a palace and put in all the fancy touches to make it complete.

Never forget in your loose talks that your friends has a friend and that your friend's friend has a friend.

The aristocracy of brains is vastly superior to the aristocracy of birth or boodle.